

Ryder Publishing

BCM Box 3406

London, WC1N 3XX

The
BOARDING-SCHOOL

ISBN 1 871540 75 5

Copyright © Ryder Publishing 1989

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL

INDEX

		Page
1	The Head Girl and the juniors	1
2	Arrangements for the holiday	8
3	The Second-Formers' Plot	9
4	Gemma and Derek	12
5	The guns	15
6	The Second-Formers take over	16
7	Janet's preparations	23
8	The terrorists arrive	24
9	The birchings	34
10	The police siege	38
11	Isabel's plot	39

Printed and published by

RYDER PUBLISHING

BCM/Box 3406

London WC1N 3XX

Copyright © RYDER PUBLISHING 1990

ISBN 1 871540 75 5

ONE

There was a nervous tap on the door. The Head Girl smiled faintly. "Come in," she called. The Second-Former entered and stood waiting whilst the senior girl deliberately continued her writing. Typical of that bitch Isabel, Janet thought bitterly. Anything to prolong the anticipation. Since receiving the order, earlier that day, to report to the Head Girl's study after lessons had ended, she had been anxiously wondering which of her numerous misdeeds had been discovered this time.

At last Isabel laid down her pen and looked up.

"Stop fidgeting, Janet. And stand up straight. Your appearance is a disgrace to the school. At thirteen, you should be able to tie your tie correctly. There is ink on your gymslip, and on your hands."

Janet automatically clenched her fists, as if that would hide the offending patches. Not my hands this time, please, she thought silently. On her last visit to the Head Girl's study, she had received three strokes of the tawse on each hand, and the painful memory had stayed uncomfortably with her.

Isabel smiled at the junior girl's reaction. "An excellent argument for the deterrent effects of corporal punishment, Janet. That tawsing kept you out of mischief for over a week. Unfortunately the memory seems to be fading now. So we must reinforce it. You know why you have been summoned here?"

"No, Isabel."

"So you add lying to your catalogue of misdeeds. Or is it simply that you don't yet know which of your recent escapades has been found out?"

She neither expected nor received any reply from the sullen-faced younger girl.

"This is a very serious matter, Janet. The end-of-term examinations. You know that Miss Padgett keeps the maths papers in her cupboard until the date of the exam - the cupboard which you once boasted to your friends you could open with a bent hairpin."

Someone had sneaked, Janet thought furiously. One of the Second-Formers who had heard that careless bragging.

"I said the cupboard wasn't very safe, Isabel. My father's chauffeur told me about lock-picking last holidays - it's so easy. I said the exam papers should be kept in a safer place. But I haven't tampered with the cupboard."

"A copy of the questions, in your handwriting, was found in Linda's desk."

"Linda didn't have anything to do with it." Janet attempted to defend her friend. "She didn't know what I was going to do, and she didn't want to see the questions, but I insisted she should look at them."

As she already realises, there are disadvantages in being the friend of the naughtiest girl in the school."

"What's happened to Linda?"

"Nothing yet." Isabel glanced at her watch. "She is late."

"She didn't tell me she had to come here. Miss Lambert kept her talking about something."

"We will wait for her." Isabel returned to her writing.

A few minutes later, Linda arrived, tearful and frightened.

Isabel said: "Janet has told me that you had nothing to do with the raid on Miss Padgett's cupboard. Is that true?"

"I kept watch," Linda confessed miserably.

Janet wondered why Linda had not had the sense to deny it; but she was probably too frightened to think.

"Is this the first time you have been caned, Linda?" Isabel asked.

Linda nodded and began sobbing.

"You have both automatically failed the mathematics exam," Isabel informed them.

The cane, which was standard issue to all prefects and teachers, hung from a hook on the door.

"Bring me the cane, Janet."

Carrying it as apprehensively as she would have touched a venomous snake, Janet did so. Isabel swished the cane and smiled. The bitch really is enjoying this, Janet thought. She determined to endure her punishment stoically, not to give Isabel the satisfaction of tears and pleas for mercy. If only Linda would shut up!

"Linda," Isabel said, "bend over the desk. Raise your skirt and pull down your knickers."

"You can't make us do that!" Janet was horrified at the thought of such humiliating exposure.

"Would you rather have the tawse on your hands again?"

Janet did not reply. Linda had already positioned herself as ordered, tucking up her skirt and partially pulling down her regulation brown knickers. They still concealed the cleft between her thighs, and Isabel impatiently gripped the waistband and pulled them down further.

Linda wailed again. Isabel stepped back and raised the cane. Janet gasped as the cane slashed down and a red weal appeared across her friend's white bottom. Linda screamed and pleaded for mercy.

"Stop making so much noise!" Isabel snapped, "or you'll get more strokes."

Linda, terrified, muted her sobbing, but she howled again as the second stroke fell. Isabel lowered the cane and stepped back, frowning. She did not wish to risk a teacher coming to investigate the noise. The Headmistress had already voiced a mild criticism of the number of corporal punishments the prefects had inflicted since the new Head Girl took office after the abrupt departure of her predecessor earlier in the term.

"You may stand up, Linda."

Linda rearranged her clothing and groped for her handkerchief.

"Janet, position yourself."

With a sick feeling in her stomach, Janet obeyed. She knew that she was going to get more than two strokes. Perhaps if she made enough noise, she would escape more lightly. But a stubborn pride would not let her give Isabel the satisfaction of making her cry.

With her bare bottom humiliatingly exposed, she waited, unable to restrain her trembling. Isabel gloated sadistically, keeping her waiting far longer than necessary. Then the punishment commenced.

Janet could not restrain a gasp of pain as the first stroke left its stinging imprint on her buttocks. She gripped the desk hard, staring at the polished wood, trying to detach her mind from her present torment.

Another swish of the cane through the air, the crack of its impact on her bottom, and a moan from the punished girl.

Revenge, she thought, think of revenge, I'll kill her somehow, someday . . .

Isabel raised the cane high and brought it slashing down with all the force she could muster. I've got to make her cry, to beg - she's defying me!

It was the authority of the school that had positioned Janet with her bare bottom across the desk. The Head Girl had given an order and the Second-Former had obeyed. Isabel's personal authority would only be acknowledged if she inflicted more pain than the junior girl could endure.

The third stroke had brought tears to Janet's eyes, but she was not crying. She emitted one sob as the fourth stroke cut savagely across the previous weals, but it was an incoherent sound, no supplication.

She was still sufficiently aware to know that her beating was more than half over. Even Isabel would never dare inflict more than six.

And the fifth stroke was not quite so agonising. Isabel was tiring.

The sixth stroke was another cruel sting, but, at last, it was over. Janet gasped and moaned in relief. When Isabel ordered her to stand, she

swayed and only saved herself from falling by clutching at the desk.

But their humiliation was not yet over.

"Both of you, stand facing the wall. And don't move."

Isabel kept them in position for half an hour, then curtly dismissed them.

TWO

"We have an emergency," the Headmistress declared.

The Head Girl looked suitably concerned.

"Six girls - all juniors - have to stay at school during the Easter holiday. The father of one of them is British Ambassador in a very unsettled Middle East state. The other parents may have slightly less valid reasons, but they are all adamant that their daughters cannot come home for the three weeks. Miss Lambert was to stay and supervise them, but her appendix is giving trouble and the doctor insists that it be attended to before it becomes an emergency. I have appealed to the other teachers, but they have all made their arrangements."

"So you want me to stay, Miss Vernon?"

"Oh, could you, Isabel? We should be so grateful! Perhaps one or two of the other prefects would volunteer to help you."

"Yes, I'm sure they would. I presume one or two of the domestic staff will be here to see to meals and cleaning?"

"Of course. One of the cooks - the very appropriately named Mrs Bunn - and a housemaid, Gladys. That was arranged long ago, when we expected Miss Lambert would be in charge. Everything will be perfectly organised, as long as there is someone to make sure the girls don't do anything silly."

THREE

"I don't believe it," Janet said desperately.

Linda was weeping hysterically.

"I tried to talk to Miss Vernon, but she won't listen. She just says I'm unruly and in need of discipline and there's no need to be afraid of Isabel if I behave myself."

"Who are the other prefects who're staying?" Gemma asked hopefully. "Some of them aren't so bad . . ."

"Oh, she's thought of that," Janet said gloomily. "Her two cronies, Brenda and Denise."

There was a horrified silence. Lessons had finished for the day, and the three girls were walking in the woodland of the school's extensive grounds. None of them noticed the blossoming trees and green leaves of a sunny spring day.

"I'm going back to Miss Vernon," Janet decided. "I'm going to show her my bottom."

"You can't just expose yourself like that," Linda protested.

"Why not? I exposed myself before - to that bitch. Look what she did to me!"

Janet raised her skirt, pulled down her knickers, and the other two girls recoiled in horror from the ugly weals and bruises on her bottom.

They were too preoccupied to notice anyone else approaching, until a male voice said in tones of horror: "What the hell's happened to you?"

Janet spun round, hastily covering herself. It was Derek, one of the assistant gardeners, a horticultural student waiting to go up to university next term.

"I'm glad it's you," she said in relief.

"Not even Tom would have said anything crude in the circumstances," Derek assured her. "It looks as if you've been beaten severely."

"I have."

They told him their problem.

"Not much use going to Miss Vernon," he said. "She thinks the sun shines out of Isabel's arse because her father's going to be the next Prime Minister, and how many eager new parents will be queueing up to enrol their girls here then."

"Derek, do you know anyone who would do a hit for us?" Janet asked.

"A hit?"

"Yes - a killing. You see them on television - men who do that kind of thing for money. My father will give me any amount of money I ask for - he feels guilty that he can't spend time with me. There must be hit-men in real life."

"I'm sure there are, but how could we contact one?" Derek asked practically. "You've given me an idea, though. Not so drastic as killing. A couple of friends of mine - they look real heavies - could convince Isabel that she'd get roughed up if she laid into you again. They'd want maybe a hundred each for doing the threatening routine and a few reminders during the holiday."

"It would be worth it! I'll get to the bank in the village during the lunch-hour tomorrow."

"Okay. I'll go and talk to my pals now. See you here tomorrow, same time."

FOUR

"Janet's in detention," Gemma explained the following evening. "And Linda's too scared. But I've got the money." She offered him a large envelope.

"Give it back to Janet. They won't do it. Isabel's father's too important in the Cabinet."

"I'll never vote for him."

"Neither will I. Much good that'll do." Derek sat down, leaning against a tree. "Have you ever been caned?" he asked.

"Not yet. She tawsed my hands last week. It hurt like hell."

"Bitch."

They sat in silence for a few moments. Then Gemma said: "Derek, will you take me away from here?"

He stared at her. A very pretty girl, redhaired, with no trace of the adolescent acne which was troubling her friends.

"I daren't," he said frankly. "Much as I'd like to. Imagine the hue and cry."

She sighed and accepted this. "But we can still be friends?"

"Of course."

She cuddled up to him. Under the old-fashioned gymslip, he could feel her budding breasts.

She moved her legs wider apart and he accepted the invitation, groping under her skirt, pulling down her school knickers.

"Ooh - that's lovely!" Gemma gasped, as his probing fingers gently stimulated the warm moistness between her thighs. She reached for his trouser zip, pulled it, and his erect penis was revealed. Gemma fondled it curiously. "I've never seen one before," she remarked naively. "Only read about it."

She was under age; her parents were wealthy and influential; but he was beyond such considerations. He only paused to pull a packet of condoms from his pocket and slip one on, before laying her down in the grass and gently, cautiously, beginning to thrust his straining cock into her virgin cunt.

He was afraid that she would cry or scream. It was supposed to hurt, the first time. But she clung to him, uttering little moans of delight as he penetrated further, lunging more energetically.

She did not manage an orgasm, but Derek experienced the most satisfactory climax he had ever known.

Afterwards, he removed the condom with its liquid contents.

"Is that so you don't get Aids?" Gemma enquired.

"Don't be silly! It's so you don't get pregnant."

He looked around. His gardening tools were nearby.

"I'd better dispose of the evidence."

He began to dig a hole in the moist earth under some bushes. His spade struck something metallic.

"What is it, buried treasure?"

"Buried something." Sex forgotten, Derek dug energetically and eventually unearthed a large, padlocked metal box. "It's not old," he said as he looked for something to break the lock. "Not pirates' treasure, anyway. Most likely a burglar's haul." He levered off the lock and they stared in astonishment at the assortment of firearms and ammunition that was revealed.

FIVE

Janet carefully lifted a submachine gun. It was heavy and difficult to handle. Derek hastily checked that it was not loaded, then turned his attention to Gemma, who was playing with a .357 revolver. "Just like in the films."

"The bullet from that would go through a door," he told her. "And, if you fired it, it would knock you flat on your back."

"Which of them can we handle?" Janet asked.

"If you took them to the police," Derek suggested, "there'd be so much uproar and fuzz swarming all over the place waiting for the terrorists to come back for this lot, Isabel wouldn't dare step out of line." He knew that Janet was not going to heed his proposal.

"You can hide them for us, Derek, until tomorrow evening when everybody's left. And then . . ."

He sighed. This situation was going to get out of hand. But it was much more exciting than weeding rosebeds. And Gemma would be so disappointed if he refused to help them.

"These .22 automatics," he said. "They're light enough. No silencers, so you can't practise. But at least you can learn how to load them and operate the safety catch."

SIX

Janet squeezed the trigger. A bullet hit the wall and flakes of plaster flew.

"It's for real," she said. "And next time I'll be aiming at you."

"You can't get away with this," Isabel said.

Janet pointed the gun at her. "This says I can. Tie them up," she ordered her friends.

Gemma was also holding a gun. Linda was, as usual, standing helplessly in the background, too frightened to move. The other three juniors carefully secured the three prefects to chairs.

"Now, we'll make sure you understand the situation," Janet continued. "We are in complete charge of the school."

"The domestics will find out."

"They already know, and they're on our side." The sympathies of Mrs Bunn and Gladys had been with the juniors and their silent co-operation had been ensured by promises of more lucrative employment in Gemma's parents' household.

"And what happens when the school gets back?"

"Gemma has taken photographs of my bottom to show why we had to protect ourselves. None of us will say anything about this episode, and I don't think you'll want anyone else to know what we've done to

you. Even if you do, Miss Vernon will do anything to hush up a scandal. Things will return to normal - providing we haven't had to shoot anyone. And, if that's happened, you won't be worrying about the future any more. Is that clear?"

The senior girls considered the situation. Shocked and frightened, they realised that, for the moment, they had no alternative but surrender.

Brenda said: "You can't keep us tied up all the time."

"Oh, no. We're going to have a lot of fun this holiday. The kind of fun you thought you were going to have. Now we're going to have our supper. You three don't get anything tonight. You can't be caned on a full stomach, you know."

She carefully tested the ropes to make sure that all was secure, then ushered the other five juniors out of the room.

When they returned, the red, sore wrists of the prefects indicated that they had spent the time in fruitless struggle. Janet was now carrying a cane. She carefully placed her gun on a side-table. "Untie Brenda first."

Under the threat of the gun which Gemma aimed at her, the senior girl bent over a desk. Janet lifted her skirt and folded it back carefully. "An extra two strokes for not wearing regulation knickers," she decreed.

"Seniors don't have to - "

"You do now. You also have to wear these hideous gymslips and socks. We'll put you in them tomorrow." Janet pulled down Brenda's lacy panties and tights. "Eight strokes," she said, and raised the cane.

It was more difficult than it looked, she discovered. One could either bring the cane slashing down with all one's weight behind it - but the thirteen-year-old did not have sufficient strength to create a painful impact - or use a flick of the wrist movement to sting. And that was a knack which could only be acquired with practise. Still, she was going to have plenty of practise over the next three weeks.

Brenda was crying in humiliation, not pain. A young lady of eighteen, forced to bare her bottom and bend over to receive the cane from a girl five years her junior.

"Eight," Janet said in relief. Her arm was already aching. "Tie her up again - yes, sitting down. I couldn't sit down for hours after what you did to me, Isabel. We'll take Denise next. Gemma, would you like to have a go?"

Pinioned in her chair, Isabel awaited her own punishment. An opportunity of escape would present itself tomorrow, she was certain. But it seemed that she would have no choice but to submit to a caning this evening. The sight of the red, raised

weals excited her as always; even in this situation she was aware of the thrill. She usually masturbated after inflicting punishment. How would she feel now, when she was to receive the cane?

Denise was screaming and swearing at her tormentors. She was dragged back to her chair and tied up again. In the struggle, no-one had bothered to raise her brief, pale-blue panties and tights, and they still hung around her ankles.

Isabel was released from her bonds and led forward. She came meekly and positioned herself on the desk. Janet raised her skirt.

"Expecting your boyfriend tonight?" she enquired. Isabel was wearing black panties, black suspender belt and stockings.

Isabel did not reply. She was not going to explain that the sexy underwear was for her own enjoyment. Silently she awaited her first taste of pain. The Head Girl was to be caned by a Second-Former; and she was shivering in excitement, not fear.

The tingle of the cane sent a thrill through her body, which culminated in an intense feeling of sexual arousal between her legs. The cane stung - yes, it did hurt - and that hurt was magically transmuted into an erotic pleasure.

Janet misinterpreted Isabel's moans as pain. She lowered the cane and peered critically at the slightly-marked bottom of the Head Girl. There was

nothing like the heavy ridged weals which had been raised on her own buttocks.

Brenda and Denise had received eight strokes each. So Isabel had to have at least ten. Tomorrow they would find something that was easier to handle than the cane, Janet decided. And they would have to try the tawse, though she feared it would be difficult to aim. Administering punishment was not as easy as it looked.

"Ten." And probably Janet was more relieved than Isabel.

"Stand up, Isabel. Now, let's have a proper look at that sexy underwear. Do a striptease for us."

Obediently Isabel removed her school tie and blouse, revealing a half-cup black brassiere. She then stepped out of her skirt and stood before them in suspender belt and stockings. Her panties were still around her thighs, revealing a dark tuft of pubic hair. She pulled off her panties and awaited the next order. She was breathing deeply, intensely aroused by this humiliation.

"Walk up and down," Janet ordered. "Now do a dance for us."

Much to her surprise, Isabel obeyed; she attempted a belly-dance as she had seen performed in North Africa. "If only I was doing this for men," she thought.

She saw the shocked looks of Brenda and Denise, and the bewilderment of the younger girls. Isabel stopped performing.

Janet said: "We're going to lock you in the Punishment Room for tonight. There's only one bed, but you'll have to manage. Untie Brenda and Denise."

She could only remember the Punishment Room being used once; to isolate a girl who had brought cocaine back to school, until her parents could collect her and remove the dangerous influence from Miss Vernon's establishment. With its barred windows and locked door, it made an ideal prison.

Isabel, who had resumed her clothing before they had been marched upstairs, looked around the room, then sat on the bed. "We'll jump them in the morning, first thing," she said. "In the meantime, let's get some sleep. It's been a tiring day. As Head Girl, of course I'll have the bed. They've provided some extra blankets and pillows, so you'll be quite comfortable on the floor."

So she reasserted her authority after her extraordinary lapse. Her friends on the floor did not sleep well, but Isabel remained wakeful far longer. That evening she had had a glimpse of an aspect of her character which she had not previously suspected existed, and it puzzled and perturbed her.

SIX

Janet with her gun remained on guard in the corridor whilst another junior took in the prisoners' breakfasts. Then the same girl carried in a bundle of clothing.

"Your new uniforms," Janet explained, standing in the doorway, keeping a careful distance from the three captives. "Regulation knickers, gymslips and socks. I'll be back in half an hour. Anyone who hasn't put them on will not be allowed to wear any clothes at all for the whole day."

Isabel found that the coarseness of the knickers was physically stimulating, and the humiliation which they represented was even more piquant. The gymslip was tight and constricted her breasts.

Denise and Brenda, complaining loudly, found the degrading garments preferable to the threat of nudity. Isabel said nothing of her own feelings. How could she ask them to understand when she did not understand herself?

SEVEN

"No, I'm not going to rape the Prime Minister's daughter," Derek said agitatedly.

"But I want to see her humiliated! Please, Derek, I'm sure you'd enjoy it."

"Of course I would, but that's not the point. Janet, you've got to be sensible. You might, just might, get away with this, as long as no-one lets off one of those guns. Isabel isn't going to broadcast her humiliation - though she'll probably try to get revenge on you somehow."

"I've thought of that. If she touches any of us next term, some very interesting photographs get sent to the opposition newspapers, and she already knows about that."

"All right, you're very clever, Janet, but you must realise that it would be too dangerous for me to become involved. What you're doing may be technically illegal, but I can't see the authorities prosecuting, even if they found out. If I took part, it would be assault, rape, god knows what - they'd throw away the key!"

"All right," Janet conceded reluctantly. "Will you do some shopping for me?"

"What?" he asked warily.

"Three pairs of handcuffs, and a big dildo."

EIGHT

The handcuffs were extremely useful. Janet kept five of the keys - they were all the same - and entrusted the sixth to Gemma. She had always felt that rope was unreliable, though a couple of the girls were in the Guides and their knowledge of knot-tying had so far stood the test.

Manacled, the three senior girls in their undersized and therefore mini gymslips, were paraded in the Second-Form common room.

"As you realised yesterday," Janet began, "the cane isn't really adequate. There are some birch-trees in the school grounds, so you are each going to be sent out, one by one, under supervision of course, to gather enough twigs to make a birch-rod. That'll really make your backsides smart!" she added gleefully. "Your hands will be cuffed in front of you, to enable you to gather the twigs. But, just to make quite sure that you don't try to run for it, you will be sent out naked."

Disregarding the protests, she instructed Gemma to release Isabel from her handcuffs, then ordered Isabel to strip. When she had done so, her hands were re-cuffed in front. Then Denise and Brenda were similarly treated.

Carefully carrying her automatic, Janet escorted Isabel out of doors. It felt very strange to be nude in the open air, pleasant in the warm spring sunshine, but Isabel was too confused and worried by her own reactions to be capable of enjoying the new sensation. She did not fear the birching - in fact

she was intrigued by the thought - but this was all wrong, she should be hating it, planning escape. Not abandoning herself to these masochistic delights. It was "opting-out". Disregarding her duties. She shouldn't allow a Second-Former to do this to her. Still less should she enjoy it. Was it merely a relief from responsibility - but she had never thought the cares of being Head Girl weighed too heavily upon her. She wished that she could talk to Janet, but Janet was too immature to understand. What satisfaction was Janet deriving from this escapade? A childish revenge, was that all?

She collected sufficient twigs and returned to the school. Denise was next despatched.

The ends of the twigs were bound with string to make a handle.

"Shouldn't they be soaked in water?" Gemma asked, vaguely recalling that she had read something about this in a Victorian book on crime and punishment.

"They can be soaked for future use," Isabel told her. "At the moment, they're supple enough - this is the best time of year to gather birch-rods, when the sap is rising." She saw the surprised expressions and added hastily: "Even a Second-Former should know enough Botany to be aware of that."

Janet returned with Brenda, who had been the last to be sent out. Whilst Brenda was being shown how to tie her twigs together, Janet picked up Isabel's birch and took a few practice swings. Smiling maliciously, she motioned Isabel to the desk. Naked

and handcuffed, the Head Girl bent over to receive her birching.

The fiery sting of the rough rods with their angles and buds was breath-taking. Even though Janet found that the bulk of the birch induced air-resistance and made forceful application difficult, there was no doubt that it was having an effect on Isabel, and her gasping and wriggling terrified Denise and Brenda as they awaited their punishments.

Janet laid down the birch. "Makes you feel sexy, doesn't it?"

Isabel was surprised that a thirteen-year-old should display such worldly knowledge. "Yes."

Janet unlocked Isabel's handcuffs. "Lie on your back on the table. Get your legs up." She produced the big rubber dildo which Derek had purchased, and plunged it deep into Isabel's cunt. It slid in easily; the birching had ensured that she was well lubricated.

Isabel gave herself up completely to the ecstasy of the moment. Unmindful of her audience, she was helplessly controlled by Janet's manipulation of the organ of delight.

As all attention was concentrated on the naked girl writhing in orgasm, Gemma felt a hard hand close on her wrist and the automatic was expertly disengaged from her grasp. She screamed.

There were three men in the room, dressed in combat gear and carrying guns. One of them efficiently collected the other automatic which Janet had left lying on a chair whilst she attended to Isabel.

"So the stories about girls' boarding-schools are not at all exaggerated," one of the men remarked. In contrast to his sinister appearance, he had a pleasant, cultured voice.

"Who are you?" Janet asked.

"The owners of the weaponry you borrowed."

"You're a couple of days late if you were planning a kidnap," Janet said. "All the rich girls have gone home for the holidays."

Linda tried to run out of the room. In the momentary confusion of her recapture, Gemma released the three seniors from their handcuffs and they appropriated raincoats from the selection hanging on pegs along one wall.

Head Girl restored, Isabel said: "A couple of your weapons were borrowed, though we haven't expended much ammunition. You'd better tell them where you hid the rest, Janet."

"In the shed." Two of the men accompanied her to retrieve them. The only one who had so far spoken, who appeared to be their leader, remained.

"No need to dress on our account," he said to Isabel. "We shan't be staying to dinner."

"Oh, I was so hoping you would!" she replied. "I'm sure Cook can manage to set three extra places, and it would make such a change from the usual dinner-table conversation."

He smiled. "Since you put it like that, Miss . . .?"

"Isabel Wainwright." She spoke the name loudly enough for all the girls to hear and hoped that they would understand why she was not revealing her real surname. "You'd be as safe here as anywhere, unless you're in a hurry."

"No. Actually we have a few days to spare."

"Then please accept our hospitality."

He asked about the domestic staff and was reassured that the two remaining servants would not question the appearance of the senior girls' visitors. When his comrades returned with the weaponry, he said: "We'd better introduce ourselves. I'm Simon, this is Peter and this is Charles."

Whilst the newcomers held a low-voiced discussion, Simon apparently reassuring them of the good sense of his decision, Denise said: "Isabel, are you crazy?"

"Probably, but what fun!" Isabel laughed. Then she said: "I'd better go and tell Mrs Bunn to revise her catering arrangements."

"I'll come with you," Simon said.

"I suppose you have to. But you really don't need to worry. None of us are exactly pro-Establishment. We were born into it, schooled in it, so naturally we rebel against it."

Mrs Bunn received the news with no surprise. "Don't see why you shouldn't have friends here, Miss. Not much of a holiday for you, staying at school. Course I won't tell Miss Vernon."

On the way back to rejoin the others, Simon asked: "Just what was going on when we so rudely interrupted?"

Isabel told him briefly. He shook with mirth. "I wish I could have seen it all! What did you think of your birching?"

"I don't understand - but it was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me. Yet."

"Let me have a look at your bottom," he said.

She turned round and lifted the skirt of her coat. She felt his hands gently stroking her wealed buttocks, then probing between her thighs. He turned her round and kissed her, whilst his fingers explored from the front.

"What are you fighting for?" she asked when he eventually released her.

"A better world."

"They all say that."

"Yes. But some of us mean it. We'd better get back to the others."

In a routine check of the building, Peter had found some bottles of wine in Miss Vernon's private store. Dinner was a convivial meal, though the juniors sulked because the Head Girl had decreed that they should not be allowed alcohol.

"Since we unfortunately missed most of this afternoon's show," Simon observed, "we should like to see a demonstration of the Bircham Academy's principles. And I'm sure you'd like revenge, Isabel, Denise and Brenda."

"We can't do it straight after dinner, they'd throw up," Denise pointed out practically.

"We can lock them in the Punishment Room for a few hours," Isabel suggested. She smiled maliciously at Janet. "Give them time to think about it."

"I've still got those photographs." Janet played her last trump.

"Oh no, you haven't. The whole school was searched this afternoon, remember?"

Isabel led the way to the Punishment Room, whilst Peter and Charles escorted the cowed and frightened juniors. Finding herself and Denise left alone with the ringleader of the terrorists, Brenda eventually

plucked up the courage to ask nervously: "Are you leaving tomorrow?"

"Possibly." His smile was not as charming as before, and seemed mocking. "But we intend to make sure that you remember this disruption to your sheltered lives."

"It's not our fault that our parents are rich!"

"No. You can't help being rich and privileged."

Isabel, with the two men, was re-entering the room. Simon's harsh tones caused her to stare in surprise.

"For once, your money can buy you nothing. It cannot protect you. You, who have always been carefully shielded from real life - do you know that, even today, in this so-called Welfare State, there are women forced to sell their bodies to buy food and shelter? No, you didn't know, and you didn't care. But tonight you will experience a little of what those women feel. Tonight you will be as abused as any whore in the streets of London. And it will be a lesson you will never forget."

He gripped Isabel's wrist and hurried her upstairs. Behind her, she heard Denise and Brenda making faint and frightened protests as they were similarly dragged to their bedrooms.

As Simon slammed the bedroom door, Isabel unzipped and stepped out of the glamorous evening dress which she had worn.

"Getting ideas above your station?" she challenged him. "You could never afford a rich bitch - show me what you do to those whores - "

He seized her by the hair and forced her to her knees, thrusting his penis into her mouth. She choked and spluttered as the large organ penetrated to her throat. He withdrew slightly and she relaxed, then began to move in harmony with him, luxuriating in the now-familiar sensation of utter helplessness.

Eventually he let go of her hair, lifted her on to the bed and spread her legs wide. "Rich bitch or street-walker, there's no difference . . ." She screamed as the painful assault of his cock stretched her already tender cunt which had been ravished once that day by Janet's rubber dildo.

He slapped her face. "Shut up, or I'll gag you!" It was simply an excuse to hit her; there was no necessity for silence. In fact he enjoyed hearing her cries of mingled pain and delight. Suddenly his lunging ceased and he collapsed on top of her; for a few moments of orgasm, the tyrant was helpless.

They were both perspiring and breathing heavily. Then he withdrew from her. "Lick me," he commanded, as he squatted over her face. She obeyed eagerly.

He relaxed with a sigh. "Yes, a very enthusiastic whore. I'll teach you a few more tricks tomorrow." He sat up as if remembering something. "I'll have to handcuff you to the bed before we go to sleep."

"I wish you could trust me," she said. "But I like to be in bondage to you."

"Go to sleep," he said when he had shackled her. "And dream of thrashing the little girls tomorrow. Get them excited and wet and ready for hot cock up their cunts."

Isabel smiled. "They're probably virgins. I hope it hurts them."

"We'll make it hurt," he promised, and fell asleep.

NINE

Denise and Brenda were pale and tearful. The junior girls looked as if they had slept very little. Only Isabel was smiling as she said: "We forgot to soak the birch-rods. But they should still be flexible enough, it's less than twenty-four hours since they were gathered."

Linda burst into tears. Simon slapped her; he enjoyed hitting girls. "Save that howling until you're birched." She sobbed miserably.

"You will all strip naked," Simon ordered the junior girls. They did not dare protest, and silently began undressing. Simon looked at the three older girls. "I think we'll have you stripped as well. Clothes will get in the way while you're swinging the birch."

Since Isabel was wearing her usual suspender belt and stockings, he allowed her to retain those, although she had to remove her bra and panties. Denise and Brenda were nude.

The first girl was bent over the desk. Isabel took up the birch and approached.

The first stroke left a striated pattern of red marks across the girl's white bottom. Isabel frowned; the birch was unexpectedly difficult to use and she was sure that the victim's wails were more fright than hurt. She raised the birch again and tried to strike harder.

Simon impatiently took the birch from her. Applied with his superior strength, it rapidly drew blood.

Peter was holding the girl by the arms, otherwise she could not have remained in position.

The blood seemed to excite Simon. Whilst the girl was still bent over the desk, he unzipped his trousers and ravished her from behind. Then he made her lick the blood of her violation from his penis.

"Put the second one over the desk. Denise, pick up the birch."

"I can't!"

"I'll prepare her for you," Isabel offered eagerly. She swung the birch again and was delighted to find that, on the second stroke, she too had drawn blood. This time Peter took over; the next was Charles's turn. Preoccupied with their activities, no-one saw a horrified face at the window. Derek had been nervously checking the current situation at the school. He crept away and, once round the corner, began to run.

As the men rested after having dealt with the first three, Isabel smiled at Janet, who had not yet been birched and raped.

"Are you sorry now?" she asked softly.

"You bitch!" Janet spat at her.

"Oh, we're screwing for the revolution now, Janet."

"If this is the revolution, I'm glad I'm establishment!" Janet turned to Simon. "Her real name is Whitaker."

He frowned. "Any relation to the Whitaker who's just been nominated as party leader - ?"

"My father. Sorry I didn't tell you yesterday. I wasn't sure then. Now I know - I want to join you. I could be very useful."

"Oh, you certainly could," Simon agreed. "We'll discuss it later. At the moment, we have more urgent business. Three little cunts who haven't yet felt a revolutionary prick. Get the next one over the desk. Isabel, would you like to warm her up?"

The birch was excruciating agony and the fucking far more violently painful than Derek's gentle approach. Gemma did not know which of the men had used her. When released, she crawled into a corner and sobbed.

Linda was hysterical. Simon hit her again and she fell backwards. There was a sharp crack as her head contacted the edge of the desk. Peter investigated. "She's dead," he said calmly.

"What a nuisance," Simon remarked. "Well, I can't deprive you of your second piece of tail, Peter. We'll both have to fuck Janet."

Isabel watched in delight. This was the first time she had ever seen Janet cry. The vicious birching and the men's violent usage had finally broken the stubborn Second-Former.

Brenda was dressed and, trying to restrain her trembling, she went, escorted by Charles, to bring coffee. She was serving the refreshments when there was the unexpected sound of motor vehicles in the drive. Simon peered cautiously out of the window. Then they heard the resonance of a police loudspeaker. As usual, no-one could distinguish the words, but the meaning was obvious.

TEN

Deadlock. A hostage situation. And she was the prime hostage. Isabel frowned thoughtfully. With her co-operation, they could probably get away. And Simon was the most marvellous fuck she'd ever had. But . . . the life of a revolutionary was not really glamorous. Dirty and dangerous. Far less exciting than being the daughter of the Prime Minister.

The three men were seated near the telephone, waiting to hear that their demands for transport had been agreed by the Prime Minister.

"They'll be hours yet," she said. "Have you ever known this government make up its mind in a hurry? Simon, can you spare me a few minutes? After all, it'll probably be the last time we see a real bed for ages."

Charles grinned. "Go on, we'll let you know as soon as the call comes through."

ELEVEN

Naked, she lay on the bed and smiled up at him.

"Your third fuck so far today, Simon - and I'll make sure it's the best. I think I'd make a good whore - I know how to please you, don't I?"

"Stop talking," he said, as he undressed and stood over her.

"Then give me something to shut me up." She opened her mouth invitingly.

She wanted him to come in her mouth because, that way, he did not completely immobilise her beneath the weight of his body when he collapsed in orgasm. She concentrated desperately on stimulating his cock, sucking vigorously, coiling her tongue up and down the membrane on the underside of his penis, to the smooth rounded tip.

This had to be perfectly timed. She would get no second chance.

The grunts and moans which she recognised; she had heard them three times before, the first time on herself last night. He was about to come.

Not too hasty - she restrained herself. As if some sixth sense had warned her, for some reason there had been a momentary hesitation.

And now . . . this time he really was in the throes of orgasm. Her hand snaked out and seized the gun which he had carefully placed on the bedside table.

One of the detectives who guarded her father had taught her about guns and other things. She flicked off the safety catch and pulled the trigger. Simon never heard the shot which killed him, nor Isabel's mocking and unoriginal remark: "What a way to go!"

Hearing the shot, the police burst in. Charles and Peter were mown down in crossfire which also wounded two of the girls.

Two officers kicked open the bedroom door. The nude girl still lying on the bed smiled up at them as she handed over the heavy automatic. She said: "My father the Prime Minister will be very proud of me."

END



